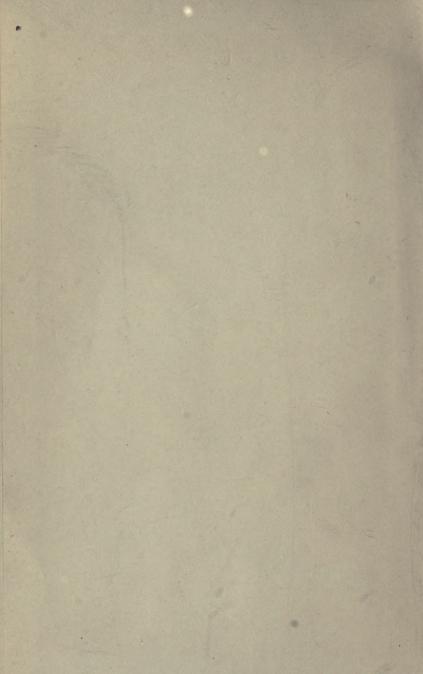
E SHEAVES OF EMPIRE:

Light on the Higher
Aspects of Imperialism

ELLIS T. POWELL

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Membra partesque imperii.—Suetonius.

The

Sheaves of Empire:

SOME ATTEMPT TO ELUCIDATE THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF IMPERIALISM.

BY

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"He that now goeth on his way and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

LONDON:

The financial Mews, 111, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

THE

EMPIRE SECTION

OF

The Financial Rews

in which all the current Imperial problems are discussed by the leaders of Colonial policy and aspiration, forms a part of each Thursday's issue of that journal.

111, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

"Far hence the heather breaks in sunset waves
Upon the hills in thine own British isle:
Far hence they gather in the ready sheaves."

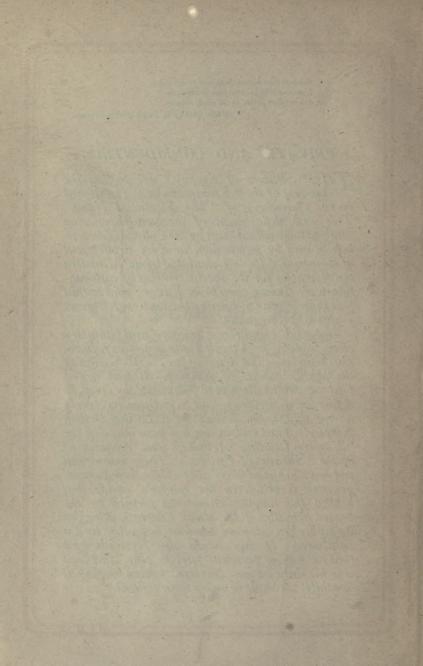
-IVER McIVER, South African Poems.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE "Sheaves of Empire" are part of the harvest of the "Empire Section" (published every Thursday) of "The Financial News." This new department of the newspaper was received with enthusiasm by the Colonial Governments, and by public men in every department of Imperial Life. Colonial Prime Ministers wrote articles for it: special sources of information were thrown open to its Editor: and within less than a year it became the centre of a great

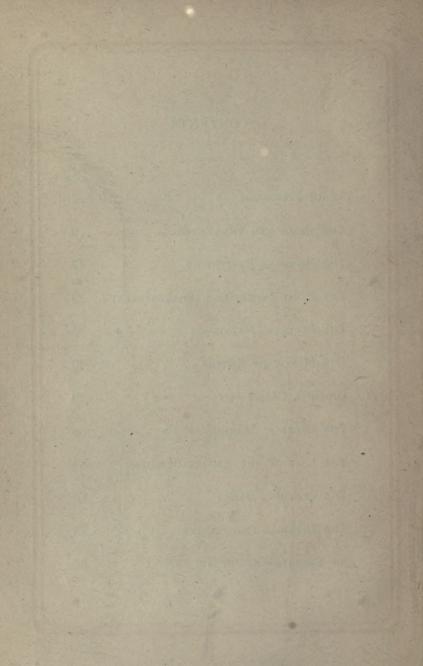
Imperial propaganda.

Imperial commerce, finance, and industry were, from the first, treated with generous fulness. But soon came the demand for the discussion of the higher aspects of Empire. It was urged that we should attempt to formulate the creed, to define the aspirations, and to indicate, as clearly as we might, the destiny, of a United British Empire. That endeavour has been made in the "Empire Leading Articles," now republished as the "Sheaves of Empire." These essays will not have achieved their aim unless their perusal generate a belief, in the reader's mind, that behind the moving panorama formed by the varied activities of the allied Empires, there lies an unbroken advance towards a destiny and a fulfilment. If they should also persuade him that he has a personal part to play, and that it is his duty as an Imperial citizen to play it worthily, we shall be more than content.



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ANNUS IMPERIALIS.

And as we gather into one, let us recall with pride

That we are of the blood of those who fought when Harold
died.

Fohn Reade,

Just think for a moment what it is to have been born an Englishman; think how many millions of men there are in this world to-day who have been born Chinese or Hindus or Kaffirs; but you were not born any of these, you were born an Englishman.—Rhodes.

He was more profoundly moved by the beauty of Ely Minster than he would have dreamed it possible.... This russet priest was an artist and worshipped beauty: hence he could not look on Ely unmoved. He was an Englishman to the finger-tips: hence he could not stand on ground so alive with heroic traditions and not thrill to the memory of them.—Annie Nathan Meyer (in "Robert Annys, Poor Priest" [1379]).

O triune kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee.

John Talon-Lespérance.

ANNUS IMPERIALIS.

HIS is the Coronation year. In the month of June, when England is decked in the spangled summer beauty which gladdened the eyes and inspired the pens of Chaucer and Shakespeare, George V. is solemnly anointed Rex Britanniarum. No British King has ever before been able to describe himself as "of that name the fifth." Only two of the English Kings have been so distinguished. One, Henry V., bore a name that, even after the lapse of five hundred years, still stirs the hearts of Englishmen. The other, Edward V., the son of a father who was typically English both in his qualities and in his weaknesses, vanished from the political stage under circumstances which are likely to remain an unsolved mystery to the end of time. Since Henry V. and Edward V. passed into history England has become Britain, and Britain, from a mere island Kingship, has broadened into a world-wide

Empire. The long record of attainment and renown descends as a splendid heritage to the Greater Britain of to-day. But if it is a heritage, it is also a trust. If it confers a privilege, it brings an inseparable and inexorable responsibility. The Coronation, above and beyond all else, is a reminder, at once majestic and peremptory, that those who place the Imperial Crown upon the head of George V. must answer for the Empire, not alone to their own age, but at the dread tribunal of the centuries.

But the Imperial Year has another and a still deeper significance. Since the battle of Bosworth brought the Middle Ages to a close, the first ten or fifteen years of every century have been for us, as a nation, its pregnant and persistent inspiration. They have seemed to strike its key-note. The opening years of the sixteenth century brought that conception of the individuality and supremacy of the State which alone could have carried England through the multitudinous perils of the Reformation, and launched her safely upon the sparkling ocean of Elizabethan glory. The seventeenth century was still young when Britain was invigorated by the most potent of all the forces which have contributed to her

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greatness—the matchless literary achievement which we call the Authorised Version of the Bible. The dawning years of the eighteenth century witnessed the first beginnings of an outspoken Press, under the brilliant impulse of the Queen Anne men. In that way, and in that way alone, could England have been equipped and energised with political ideals for her mission as the saviour of freedom from the waves of the Napoleonic deluge, and for her transformation from an agricultural community into an industrial and colonising nation. Before two decades of the ninteenth century had closed we had written Waterloo Peterloo in our annals. The former was the birthday of modern Europe. The latter signalised the onset of the social forces that were destined to be in continuous activity throughout the century, and to create an Imperial democracy which, with all its faults, is the noblest political phenomenon the-world has ever seen.

So, from stage to stage, our forefathers moved along the pathway from the island kingdom of the Tudor Sovereigns to the four Empires and the far-flung Dependencies that acknowledge the sway of George V. They acknowledge it because it is their

own. The allied Empires need no centralised personal Monarchy to keep their steadfast faces turned towards the rising sun of human progress. Three of them rule themselves, and the fourth-India — enjoys the utmost practicable measure of political liberty. The idea of the King, as personal ruler, has been replaced by the knowledge that he is, in our age, only an outward and visible sign of a gigantic psychological entity, far more real than if it were a visible being. Behind the mortal figure of the King stands the immortal majesty of the Imperial Self. The trappings and the pageantry of the Coronation will be but concessions to tradition and mental habit. They will fling around participant and spectator the radiance of the picturesque, the glamour of an antique ceremonial. The superficial observer may suppose that he witnesses a nation doing homage to its King. But, in truth, both King and nation will be bowed in reverent salutation before supreme Imperial Intelligence which is greater than the King, and shall survive, in beneficent activity, long after King and people alike have been gathered to their fathers.

For Britain and her allied Empires this Imperial Intelligence, this proudly conscious Imperial Self, is to be the dominant inspirational force of the twentieth century. It has flashed upon us with the sudden mystery and splendour of an Aurora Borealis. It points to unimagined heights of Imperial achievement. Coming upon us at a moment when we have all but annihilated the time and distance which separate us from our Colonial kinsmen, it shows the way to unprecedented potentialities of Imperial intimacy. The idea of the Colonies as distant lands, with which we had only a vague concern, is as dead as the wire-drawn theories of the Schoolmen. They are of us, and we of them, all members one of another. To say the words is no longer to enunciate a pretty analogy, as a mere stimulus and aid to the apathetic intellect. It is to define a biological truth, as absolutely demonstrable and as universally and inevitably operative as the law of gravitation. It is to predicate the fundamental axiom of Imperial prosperity—that only in mutual homage to the Imperial Self, combined with the utmost attainable freedom of independent growth and action on the part of the several members, are the materials of

worthy aspiration, firm consolidation, and political permanence to be discovered, utilised, and perpetuated.

Never yet have the eyes of humanity been enlightened by the sight of a world-Power built upon freedom. Rome never conceived, much less attempted, such a consummation; and none but Rome has ever possessed the resources for its attainment. None, that is to say, until the birth of the conscious Imperial Intelligence of Greater Britain. Within the ample orbit of this new star in the political firmament there are to be found the twin essentials of permanent human progress. On the one hand is the gigantic power of the allied Empires, annually growing in scope and majesty, and capable of being turned with irresistible force against any endeavour to fling humanity back towards the ape, the tiger, and the despot. On the other is the complete internal freedom of these immense democracies, endowed with the capacity of continuous adjustment to environment which is the prime condition of prosperity and happiness in every organism. External power and internal freedom are attributes of political immortality; and Britain, as she confronts the Twentieth

Century, has grasped them both, and is completely conscious of her conquest—

For lo! the kingdoms wax and wane, They spring to power and pass again And ripen to decay; But Britain sound in hand and heart Is worthy still to play her part To-day as yesterday.

Not till her age-long task is o'er
To thee, O God, may she restore
The sceptre and the crown.
Nor then shall die; but live anew
In those fair daughter lands which drew
Their life from hers, and shall renew
In them her old renown.*

^{*} These lines are Mr. J. A. Merivale's. They were originally, I believe, published in the *Spectator*, and I quote from memory.

THE BIBLE AND THE EMPIRE.

better far than eloquence—that golden
And spangled juggler, dear to thoughtless youth—
The luminous style through which there is beholden
The honest beauty of the face of Truth.

W. Alexander.

It is not to less of reverence that man is summoned, but to more. Let him keep hold of early sanctities.

F. W. H. Myers.

Could he expound Scripture that he read it thus to himself? the priest asked. He was reading for his comfort, Hunter replied: he did not take on himself to expound. The Bible taught him how to live, and how to distinguish between right and wrong.—Fronde, "History of England" [1555].

THE BIBLE AND THE EMPIRE.

UR island story is likely to have few happier or more significant coincidences than that which joins the Annus Imperialis with the tercentenary of the English Bible. The recognition and celebration of the beneficent Imperial sway are to be mingled with the memories of the grandest literary achievement of the race which wields it. The image of the Empire as a huge collocation of temporal power is to be illuminated by a reminder that behind the shifting Imperial panorama there lives and moves That Which is ageless and sublime. Dogma may die away amid the anger of disputants, and the traditional blaze of an approaching Judgment may pale before the remorseless analysis of the Higher Criticism. But the deep spiritual truths, which have moved and energised humanity for so many generations, remain the same. They are above and beyond the sects and the Parties, even as,

> Afloat upon ethereal tides, St. Paul's above the city rides.

They make no appeal to the technicalities of theology. They address themselves to the heart rather than to the intellect. Enshrined in the English Bible, they have the most intimate meaning for the possessors of a translation which, in unfailing literary beauty (sometimes majestic and sometimes homely), is almost invariably the equal, and frequently the superior, of the originals.

"It is with books as with men," said Voltaire: "a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude." A very small number of books have played a great part in forming the national self-consciousness and the honest racial pride upon which the Empire is founded. The English Bible, the Anglican Prayer Book, and the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and Addison are the great books which have had the principal share in the moulding of the Imperial destiny. Even among these mighty rivals, the English Bible, stripped of

every claim but that of literary excellence. stands super-eminent and unsurpassable. To its pages our forefathers turned for their political models, their jurisprudence, their history, their romance, their poetry, and their proverbial wisdom. From its unfailing treasury they drew their consolation and their guidance in national peril. In its homely language they found the best expression of the heart's anguish in personal sorrow and perplexity. Mr. Prothero has collected hundreds of instances of the profound influence upon the leaders of humanity of the Book of Psalms alone. If the Imperial story, from Alfred down to the present hour. were written in the light of the influence of the English Bible upon the great figures in its pages, as well as upon all that nameless multitude whose duty was daily labour and whose fate oblivion, the result would probably startle even those who supposed they had measured and appreciated the forces which have moulded the Empire. We are not for a moment referring to the supernormal element in the Bible, nor to any claims to dogmatic authority that may be founded upon it. But we shall carry with us the opinion of all Englishmen, whatever their theological allegiance, when we place the

English Bible highest among the inspiring and welding forces of the gigantic British consolidation which we call the Empire.

Critical analysis of the English Bible exhibits it as the amalgamation of the labours of three great Englishmen-John Wycliffe, William Tyndale, and Miles Coverdale. Wycliffe's version remains as the solid substratum of all the subsequent work, and offers only slight difficulties to perusal by an educated Englishman of the twentieth century. Tyndale's influence, which introduces the truly modern English strain, is more palpable. But—if selection be not invidious in such an association—it is to Coverdale that the unequalled English of the Bible is mainly due. The tender phrases that leap to the lips when all other language fails; the exquisite cadences which have thrilled generation after generation of our forefathers; the turns of expression that suggest the unutterable deeps of thought these are, very largely indeed, Coverdale's personal contributions to the masterpiece of English literature. Coverdale was a City rector. He was originally buried in the old church of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, in the very centre of the city which was destined to be the heart of the Empire.

When that building was demolished in 1840 his bones were removed to the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, alongside the approach to old London Bridge. There they still lie. amid the ceaseless roar of the teeming Metropolis. So it is that Coverdale, who clothed in matchless English the sacred writings of an ancient race, and made them the spiritual inspiration of an Empire, lies within half a mile of the Imperial Market House* which has supplied, and still supplies, the temporal instruments for the fulfilment of the task. The coincidence is all the more remarkable, perhaps, because not one Englishman in a thousand is aware of it. But it confers upon the City of London a double and supreme distinction, not likely to go unmarked by the myriads who will this year travel to the little island home of a mighty Imperial people.

It is no longer regarded as clever, or even decent, to perpetrate the sneer or the sarcasm at the expense of the Bible. Least of all is that kind of thing welcomed among the serious minds of the City. The frequent lack of adherence to the tenets of a particular creed does not blind the business man to the

^{*} See the Essay on the Imperial Market House.

profound, though indefinable, realities that underlie all the religions of the world. Nor is it any longer considered "smart" to employ the Empire as the butt of a jibe, or to join Bible and Empire in a cheaply cynical suggestion that a selfish temporal power has been built upon an imaginary revelation. The race which has built the Empire is not infallible. It does not claim to be a model of human perfection. What it does claim is the honour of an age-long struggle upwards into a brighter political and social atmosphere, combined with a determination to share with all humanity the spoil of its conquest over the reactionary factors of its old environment. The battle has not been won without episodes which sometimes create, in the minds of the successors to the great Imperial heritage, a desire that they might re-write the history of their patrimony. But to admit the existence of errors and flaws is one thing: to hint that the whole process has been tinged with insincerity and based on selfishness is quite another. Humanity is but dimly conscious of the bourne towards which its legions march. Whatever Time shall ultimately reveal it to be, we may confidently anticipate that in all future opinion the creation of the British Empire will rank

as a magnificent contribution to the labour of its attainment. And when our children's children ask what was the paramount inspirational potency which sustained their forefathers through centuries of struggle and of conflict, no mere dogma, and no mere traditional opinion, but plain and unchallengeable literary truth, will point them to the English Bible.

THE IMPERIAL EASTERTIDE.

Science joins religion in ignoring the old "ultimate boundaries." Seeming destructions are in its view only new beginnings.—J. B.

The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre: when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; that is the annual resurrection.—Dr. John Pearson [1613-1686].

That hour may come when Earth no more can keep Tireless her year-long voyage thro' the deep; Nay, when all planets, sucked and swept in one, Feed their rekindled solitary sun;—
Nay, when all suns that shine, together hurled, Crash in one infinite and lifeless world;—
Yet hold thou still, what worlds soe'er may roll, Naught bear they with them master of the soul; In all the eternal whirl, the cosmic stir, All the eternal is akin to her;
She shall endure, and quicken, and live at last, When all save souls has perished in the past.

THE IMPERIAL EASTERTIDE.

ASTER is essentially the festival of revival, of recovery, of awakening, of new advance. It prefigures the realisation of the same yearning hope that, cast into poetic mould, inspires the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson—perhaps the most characteristic of all the mystic utterances of the nineteenth century. For our simple Teutonic forefathers, long ages ago, that which we call Easter was the feast of their god Eastre. The Christian missionaries, skilled in the art of adaptability, grafted the new faith on the old stock by the simple annexation of the name for the greatest celebration in their ecclesiastical year. But that celebration, by the very circumstances of its origin, coincided in time with another feast, itself the annual commemoration, by an ancient people, of their own deliverance from bondage and awakening into nationhood. Finally, the coincident festivals which have so large a significance for the religions of the Western world are celebrated in the spring,

when, in our Northern Hemisphere, the earth is arousing from her winter slumber and preening herself in readiness for the gorgeous summer mantle that she is so soon to wear.

There are winters in the lives of nations as truly as in the physical history of the planets. There is an Imperial springtime as truly as there is an ecclesiastical Easter. Was it design, or was it coincidence, that placed us, at the Eastertide of 1911, face to face with a national celebration of unprecedented magnificence, at the moment when, under the resistless stimulus of many mighty forces, the British people is at last awakening to self-realisation, to racial dignity, and to Imperial pride? The Imperial Easter was to follow the ecclesiastical festival, with scarce an interval between. The great Imperial celebration is not the first of our racial Eastertides, but it is immeasurably the most tremendous in its magnitude and meaning. From the horror of the Norman incubus we awoke to a national Eastertide which heralded the golden age of Edward I. From the hideous nightmare of the Wars of the Roses we were roused by the national revival that culminated in the age of the English Bible, of Shakespeare, and

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of the Elizabethan spirit. From the comparative intellectual torpor of the Eighteenth Century we struggled into a fresh advance characterised by an ever-growing power and enthusiasm. This brought us to the Imperial Eastertide of 1911, and to a racial reunion destined to be, for us of this generation at least, the culmination of a sustained forward movement whose record goes back for over one hundred years.

If anything will quicken the Imperial instinct, and vivify the Imperial responsibility, it is the reflections which must follow these sweeping surveys of our national history. Is there something of the inevitable in this cyclical succession of deadly drowsiness and brilliant vivacity, where the nights and days are centuries instead of hours? Or does there at last dawn a perennial Easter upon the nation which, under the hard, stern discipline of the years, has shown itself worthy of the distinction? The question is one that this generation may seriously propound, though its terrestrial experiences are not likely to yield it any assured reply. But it is at least certain that such an enquiry, confronting a serious mind, must awaken it to another

of those higher aspects of Empire—that of continuity of existence and purpose—which it is the aim of this series of essays to thrust into the prominence they deserve and demand. In the intellectual history of an individual it is certain that higher development brings a greater shrinking from the personal extinction of the ego. Analogy suggests, and correctly suggests, that the same apprehension must begin to disturb a racial entity, when once it is fully awake to the fact of its own reality and individuality. The greater circumspection which marks our later Imperial policy is doubtless one of the results of this anxiety to preserve, at all events for all cosmic time, a racial ego whose birth was witnessed by Tacitus, and whose present towering stature stands for two thousand vears of growth. If this be a sound view (albeit only tersely expressed) of the origin of one of the most powerful factors in the creation of a racial sentiment and aspiration. the significance of the Imperial Eastertide of 1911 stands in need of little further elucidation.

It is the single weakness of great national celebrations that they are apt to concentrate attention entirely upon the present; so that the philosophic contemplation of the past, and the circumspect wariness that tries to scan the future, and to read its problems with understanding and with courage, are laid aside and forgotten. The oblivion brings us into instant conflict with the eternal law which, all through the chameleonic phenomena of the Universe, prohibits the immobile and vetoes the permanent. There must be advance, or there must be degeneration. Against the third choice, the finding of a self-complacent peace in the perpetuation of the things that are, the eternal fiat has gone forth, and not one atom in all the Universe may disregard it. If ever, in the life of this great Empire, an Imperial Eastertide is to herald an Imperial rejuvenation of the hitherto unprecedented perennial type, the re-invigorated political entity will only be maintained in existence at the price of ceaseless struggle and vigilance. There will never come a day when the race may stand still, in effortless reliance upon great possessions and glorious traditions. Perhaps that is a hard saying; but hard lessons, severely learned, make up the history of the Empire. To realise a truth so plain, and yet so persistently elusive, is itself an intellectual uprising—a sensible psychic factor of the Imperial Eastertide.

THE FIRST IMPERIALIST

(SHAKESPEARE).

Welcome, ye English-speaking pilgrims, ye
Whose hands around the world are joined by him,
Who make his speech the language of the sea,
Till winds of ocean waft from rim to rim
The breath of Avon: let this great day be
A feast of Race no power shall ever dim.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

If some enchanter should offer to recover for me a single hour of the irrecoverable past, I think I should choose to be placed among the audience at the Globe Theatre, in or about the year 1600, with liberty to run round between the acts and interview the author-actormanager, Master Shakespeare, in his tiring room. For this I would give—one can afford to be lavish in bidding forthe inconceivable—say a year of my life.

William Archer.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day And saw that gentle figure pass By London Bridge, his frequent way, They little knew the man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All these they saw, or might have seen,
But not the light behind the brow.

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
None turned, or few, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the King of England's Kings, The rest with all their pomps and trains Are mouldered, half-remembered things— 'Tis he alone that lives and reigns.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE FIRST IMPERIALIST.

HERE is good, though by no means conclusive, reason for believing that the greatest of Imperialists was born on the feast of the Empire's patron saint. If Shakespeare really saw the light on April 23 the coincidence was as romantic as the sound of his mother's maiden name of Mary Arden. We know, on the evidence of the Stratford parish registers, however, that he was baptised on April 26, 1564, twentyfour years before the coming of the Spanish Armada. April, at all events, is his birthmonth, whatever may have been his actual birthday. Of his early adventures in his native town, his departure to London to seek his fortune, his growing prosperity, his shrewd investments, and the philosophically jovial happiness of his declining years, the story has been told so often that it forms a gigantic literature by itself. The little town by the Avon, where Shakespeare's bones lie in the chancel of the parish church, has become one of the shrines of the Englishspeaking peoples, whose most brilliant

literary heritage his works are likely to remain for all time. Shakespeare's ideas, characters, and language have passed into the daily dialect of home, street, market, and platform. In this *Annus Imperialis*, less than three hundred years after his death, his kinsmen of the British Empire—nay, all who speak the English language—accept him as the finest product of the Anglo-Saxon race, the very flower of its intelligence, virility, romance, and—common sense.

These are the qualities which have made the Empire. It is just because the capacity for their unfailing display and exercise, together with an unmatched power of vivid and felicitous expression, happened to be combined in the same individual that Shakespeare holds his ageless sway over the hearts and minds of his countrymen. He joins the ideal and the romantic to the cautious and the practical. He is the constant embodiment of the Imperial spirit. As his old comrade Ben Jonson truly said, he "was not of an age, but for all time." Century after century he stands for an eternal present, he speaks for the widening promise of a glorious future. Chaucer's delicate tracery shows us social conditions

and modes of thought which have utterly passed away. The billowy majesty of Milton's verse is inimitable and imperishable as literature, though it would no longer be accepted as a justification of the ways of God to man. In his command of homely phrases, in his talent for illustrating and illuminating the deepest experiences by means of the most ordinary facts of life, Bunyan, perhaps, approaches more nearly to Shakespeare than any other star of our national literary galaxy. But the "Canterbury Tales," "Paradise Lost," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" are alike in this—that they owe their present and future fame to their literary form rather than to their substance or their themes. They are of their age in substance, and for all time in their form alone. To his fellow-Englishmen Shakespeare is not of his age, but for all time, in both the form and the substance of all the immortal progeny of his imagination.

This extraordinary characteristic, in its patriotic expression, makes of Mary Arden's son the first and greatest of Imperialists. It marks him out as the unfailing exponent of national pride and hope in every age of his country and his race. It may be elucidated in less than a dozen of his lines. It is

a consequence of that tremendous uprush of national enthusiasm which has clothed the Elizabethan period with what may be paradoxically called the glow of an eternal sunrise. Shakespeare brings down the curtain in "King John" with the proud boast that—

Come the three corners of the world in arms, . And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue

If England to itself do rest but true.

These are not Angevin, but Elizabethan sentiments. They point to the onset of modern Imperialism. Again, in Gaunt's wonderful soliloquy, he makes the dying man break into that magnificent apostrophe of England –

This fortress, built by Nature for herself, Against infection and the hand of war; This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea—

If "Richard II." were only an attempt at historical drama, these brave words would be a mere anachronism. They had no application to the England of Gaunt's day, weakened and distracted by war, disease, political strife, and popular discontent. They are not of an age Plantagenet, but for all time Imperial. Finally, amid the kindling

glory of patriotic aspiration comes the reminder that Imperial prosperity and permanence must rest, in the long run, upon the strong substratum of a contented population. The lips of Cranmer are employed, in "Henry VIII.," to utter this profoundest of Imperial truths by means of a roseate forecast of Merrie England under the rule of Henry's daughter—

In her days every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants: and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

Was the resounding keynote of Imperial advance ever struck with truer hand than in this three-line enunciation of the whole science of politics?

For Imperial politics is simply Imperial happiness, expressed in other words. The science of politics is the science of contentment. A claim that every man has a right to enjoy, in civic security, the produce of his own labour, is the veriest antithesis of Empire in the Roman sense or of Socialism in its modern significance. Both the Augustan and Socialist policies stand for a centralised and endowed despotism, based upon the effacement of individual initiative and liberty. Both signify the privileged few and the abject many. They offer the

imperium without the libertas. Sound modern Imperialism, in the sense in which the British people understand it, tolerates none of these odious conditions. centralisation, in the common and against the common foe, is combined with the fullest freedom of the Imperial elements. Canada, Australasia, and South Africa go their several ways, as independent political entities. Canada-to take the object-lesson which is geographically nearest —is engaged in a literal endeavour to secure for all her teeming population the right to gather the fruit of the trees which their own hands have planted. They are to pay no man for the plenary enjoyment of their own. Every year that passes will but strengthen the passionate patriotism of a people politically and socially ennobled by the existence of such conditions. If, for the next thousand years, democratic Imperialism—Empire founded upon contentment—turns out to be the well-spring of terrestrial progress and security, it is to the creator of Falstaff that we must look for the first definite formulation of its principles.

If we ask the precise why and wherefore of this unprecedented power of prevision, we are in the presence of mystery. But we are subject to the same embarrassment if we enquire how the Elizabethan reign came to be clothed in a radiant beauty that makes it the rallying-point of English thought in every age. "This England," said Bagehot, "lay before Shakespeare as it lies before us all, with its green fields, and its long hedgerows, and its many trees, and its great towns, and its endless hamlets, and its motley society, and its long history, and its bold exploits, and its gathering power; and he saw that they were good. To him, perhaps more than to anyone else, has it been given to see that they were a great unity. . . . Let us then think of him, not as a teacher of dry dogmas, or a sayer of hard sayings, but as

> 'a priest to us all, Of the wonder and bloom of the world.'"

The truth is that we ordinary men can see, and understand, and learn, when there is a seer to teach us. Shakespeare was the seer of Imperialism, as truly the prophet of Empire as Elijah was the prophet of Semitic asceticism.

To say so much is neither to be guilty of special pleading nor of indiscriminate eulogy As Lord Morley has urged, it would be shallow to believe that such men as Shakespeare,

"with faculty quickened and outlook widened in the high air, . . . really discerned no more than we, who have only their uttered words for authority, can perceive that they discerned." The possession of such a mind as that of Shakespeare "often invests men with second sight, whose visions they lock up in silence, content with the work of the day." Perhaps our national seer of Avon may be said rather to have locked up his visions in lines that evolve with the Empire, and are for ever the happiest idiom of its hopes. He combined the proclamation of an Imperial message with the earning of his daily bread. If Shakespeare had not been an Englishman, working amid a throng of Englishmen, his portrait gallery would have wanted half its figures. If he had not added the harvest of a quiet eye to the study of the sublimest themes, his pageantry would have lacked the cowslip and the primrose. If shrewd worldly wisdom had failed to co-operate with the poetic instinct, he would not have possessed the means to ensure the tranquil closing days at New Place, and his magic would never have created Prospero and Miranda. No people were ever endowed with so fertile a literary inheritance as this First Imperialist has left us, in the life, the

beauty, the prescience, the saneness, the generous good humour, the downright manly and practical Englishry of his work. This is the fact, whether we contemplate Shakespeare's yearning distant vision of the larger Imperialism, or only glance at the deathless faces which, as the creations of his fervid fancy, smile down the fast-fading centuries from those spacious days.

THE IMPERIAL NATION.

Peoples and Nations are the product of history. A People comes into being by a slow psychological process, in which a mass of men gradually develop a type of life and society which differentiates them from others, and becomes the fixed inheritance of their race.—Bluntschli, "The Theory of the State."

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control.

Goldsmith.

-The son of the unchanging veldt,
The ruler of the pathless seaAlike paid homage reverent,
And bled, that freedom might be free.

In spirit limitless they know
Untrammelled by imperfect clay,
That they the same obedience bowed,
And owned the same majestic sway.

Iver McIver.

THE IMPERIAL NATION.

THE late Professor Seeley once pointed out, in a striking passage, that the political entity which we call the Empire is not, strictly speaking, an Empire at all. It is the English, or perhaps we should say the British, nation. The original idea of Empire presupposes an external authority, forced upon a group of subject peoples and maintained there by brute force. When the Roman Empire was at the zenith of its power, the Roman Nation had practically ceased to exist. The main essential of firm cohesion-racial pride and sentiment-was almost wholly absent. Even Caracalla's decree of a universal citizenship did not avail to create the bond of nationhood. When the unwieldy aggregate of peoples and languages experienced the onset of a virile external foe, it crumbled away into scattered fragments. The fact that the process of disintegration lasted for more than a thousand years, and was not utterly complete until last century, may demonstate how well the Roman Empire-builders did their work, under the difficult conditions which the lack of a racial unity had forced upon them. But the collapse was inevitable, so long as the ideal of freedom found a home in the heart of humanity. A permanent central despotism, of the Roman type, is unthinkable, if man be man. The prime condition of its permanence is that he should become a vegetable: and all chance of its fulfilment has vanished in the limbo of the ages.

This comparatively unappreciated fact of nationhood is the answer to those who anticipate for the Empire the advent of inevitable decline. All mundane experience, say they, points in that direction. The answer is that no mundane experience exists to which the appeal can be made. An Empire which is also a Nation is as completely a novelty in the political world as, to the astronomer, are the new stars which ever and anon swim into our telescopic vision. A world-power, owning a race-allegiance,* and held together by the bond of blood, instead of by the menace of

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^{*}The French Canadians and the Dutch South Africans form, for the moment, exceptions: and India is only to a limited extent within the contemplation of the present volume of essays.

the sword, is an experiment hitherto untried by mortal beings. To demonstrate its feasibility, to maintain it in ever-augmented splendour as the tides of time dash vainly against its adamantine bastions, is the destiny which an inscrutable Power has marked out for the Imperial Nation that is united under George V. The strengthening and consolidation of the mighty fabric, by means of a closer cohesion of its components, is the real Imperialism. Every man or woman who contributes to the work is an Imperialist of the truest type. Against that Imperialism, against that Imperialist, no word of partisan reproach can ever be sensibly uttered.

But how, in what way, shall the mystic bond be strengthened, year by year and age by age? Our island story supplies an answer that is overwhelming in its cogency. When we explore the utmost bounds of political fantasy we speak of the restoration of the Heptarchy. That was a state of affairs in which differences of dialect and of custom scattered our Saxon forefathers into seven kingdoms. Travel and transport have broken down a system which made Dorset a foreign land to Yorkshire and transformed the northern and western

Marches, for centuries, into battlefields. What travel and transport have done for Britain herself they are destined to repeat, upon a grander scale, for the Empire at large. The annihilation of time and distance is, for all practical purposes, complete as far as Canada is concerned. With regard to Africa and Australia, this augmentation of proximity is destined to proceed at a constantly-accelerated speed. At present the vast distances are the main obstacle to the creation of an Empire Parliament. That obstacle will almost have vanished long before we see the half-way house of the twentieth century. Rapidity of transport and facility of communication will weld the Empire as they welded the scattered kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and made from the united elements the Imperial foundation stone. They must be many, but they must be one. The factors of the design may be innumerable. The design itself is single and Imperial.*

Yet amid all the triumphant manifestations which mark the onward movement to Imperial Nationhood, we have to remember that the unity of the Empire depends upon the mutual self-respect of its elements.

^{*}See the essay on the "Mosaic of Empire,"

Maternal pride and filial affection may be strained to breaking point by that which is undignified, unseemly, or frivolous. And, be it said with deference, and yet with boldness, that is a lesson which the Mother, rather than the Daughters, needs to learn. The daughter Empires are awake to the future, and proudly prescient and confident in their preparation for the solution of its problems. The Mother Country is all eyes for the present, to the almost total exclusion of the future from her consideration. She allows herself to be the sport of Party politicians, eager to exploit even the Empire itself for their tawdry tactics and petty purposes. That kind of thing, if it evolve beyond a certain point, will destroy the mutual self-respect of the Imperial components and shiver into fragments the conception and the fact of Imperial Nationhood.

That prospect is not a pleasant one. Nor need we dwell further upon it. Sturdy national common sense has carried us, so far (not altogether scathless, perhaps), through a thousand perils. Let us rely upon it to carry us through a thousand more. But let us keep the Imperial Nationhood, the mutual responsibility, the common

Imperial destiny, ever in the foreground of our contemplation. We cannot define, other than dimly, what the destiny is:

Where lies the land to which the ship would go? Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away, Far, far behind is all that they can say.

But if the destiny looms but vaguely and mysteriously before us, we know that in the face of the myriad difficulties, the numberless reactionary forces, which surround us, nothing but the firmest consolidation will enable us to attain it, whatever it be. We move towards an Imperial Fate which ever recedes as we approach it, yet ever assumes, even in its recession, more noble dimensions. It is for the Imperial Nation of the twentieth century to be worthy, up to the extreme level of its capacity, of the traditions and the opportunities which it inherits and developes:-

To carve our fullest thought, what though
Time is not granted? Aye in history,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo,
Left shapeless, grander for its mystery,
The great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its brave front from Orients far away.

THE MOSAIC OF EMPIRE.

They (mixed in Workes) mosaically grow.
—Stirling and Domesday.

An Empire wise With finding in itself the types of all, With watching from the dim verge of the time What things to be are visible in the gleams Thrown forward on them from the luminous past.

Lowell, Pronetheus (slightly adapted).

The lady sat with parted lips, and her breath came quick and fast. "My God!" she cried, "what is this that is shown me? Whence come they, these peoples, these lordly nations, these mighty countries that rise up before me? I look beyond, and others rise, and vet others, far and farther to the shores of the uttermost waters. They crowd! They swarm! The world is given to them, and it resounds with the clang of their hammers and the ringing of their church bells. They call them many names, and they rule them this way or that, but they are all English, for I can hear the voices of the people. Where have her children not gone? What have they not done? Her banner is planted on ice. Her banner is scorched in the sun. She lies athwart the lands, and her shadow is over the seas !-Vision of the Lady Tiphiane in SIR CONAN DOYLE'S "White Company."

THE MOSAIC OF EMPIRE.

UNITY of racial hope and pride, combined with differences of opinion as to the modes of progress, forms our inalienable characteristic as an Imperial people. Offer this scheme or that, and the civic throng instantly divides itself into the pros and the cons. Attack the Imperial entity as such, or cast a slur upon the race as such, and the party divisions collapse like the walls of Jericho. We know not the why and the wherefore of the influences which divide us on some questions and unite us on others. We cannot tell how it is that a theory, or a train of reasoning, which captures one intellect, will be utterly rejected by another. But we have been apt to suppose that it would be well if we could get rid of these differences, and agree upon some common policy which would appeal to all. The idea of an Empire Parliament is, in a sense, a concession to that most laudable aspiration. We may be sure, however, that

even in an Empire Parliament these variations of view would instantly be perceptible. They would bring home to our minds the incontrovertible fact, which is now beginning to loom so large over the seething arena of politico-biological speculation and controversy, that human progress depends to a very large extent indeed upon Difference, and not upon Sameness. Since Imperial advance is but a part of the larger progression, it follows that the law of diversity has its applications to the Empire as well as to the world.

If we scan the vast field of astronomic observation, even to the point where the distant outposts of this Universe descry the twinkling camp fires of another, we find this essential variegation everywhere present. It characterises the giant orbs which pursue their pathless ways through immensity. They are all of them different in motion, in size, in density, in the stage of development which they have reached, and in the species of life which they are capable of supporting. If we turn from the immense to the minute, the result is the same. Under the highest powers of the microscope every diatom differs in some way from every other diatom. No two polycystina

are ever duplicates. And the resistless grip of this eternal and inexorable divergence not only prohibits the existence of a perfect pair but precludes continuous identity even in the single individual. Physically, intellectually, and psychologically the man of to-day differs from the man who was called by the same name yesterday. The Bertillon system of identification is founded on the fact that no two individuals have the same lines on their thumbs. Intellectually, too, as the years advance, the man himself becomes conscious of a change which he is powerless to check, and only slightly capable of directing. The interplay of these innumerable divergencies seems to be the force that carries all life forwards upon the evolutionary path. Every separate type among the myriads has its destined place and task, and offers its individual contribution to the propulsion of the whole. It follows that in every scene of life and activity, as Professor Browne has aptly said, "Whether it be a question of individuals or nations, the destruction of a distinctive type is a loss to the Universe, and therefore an evil."

The British Empire exhibits the most numerous galaxy of types that has ever

been brought together under a single allegiance. Whether we regard them from the point of view of race, religion, colour, temperament, or physical or intellectual calibre, the classification yields a multitude of distinct specimens. They are the result of developmental influences which have been at work for periods that could only be adequately characterised in geological terms. Centuries lose all significance when we are contemplating cosmic cycles. But this is by no means the most remarkable aspect of the mosaic of Empire. Within the Empire itself, under our very eyes, new types are being evolved. The Canadian type differs widely from the Australian, and both can be clearly distinguished from the British type as it exhibits itself on African soil. To an extent, of course, the variations are the consequence of intermarriage. The French strain in Canada and the Dutch element in South Africa are factors quite obvious, which must have their effect for all time upon the racial idiosyncrasies. But the most striking of all these developments is the fact, now becoming very evident indeed, that the purely British type itself, planted in Canada, Australia, or Africa, and marrying where the blood is equally pure, generates a new type

that is distinct from the parental, and soon becomes palpably identifiable with the Colony whence it springs. In a word, the closest racial unity, in the Imperial sense, becomes more and more gloriously possible as time and distance are annihilated by the victories of science. But the evolution of anything like a single racial type, in the ethnological sense, is already hopeless. A veto has been placed upon it by that invisible and indefinable Power whose behests humanity can seldom understand, but must always obey.

Considerations like these may well lead us to a more temperate judgment of the Colonial problems and policies which are from time to time discussed in the Motherland. It is futile for us to expect invariable uniformity of opinion between ourselves and the allied Empires of the West, the South, and the Antipodes. If it were to appear, it would be a source of disquietude, rather than of encouragement. It would indicate that the politicobiological law of variegation had ceased to operate. Conversely, the existence of the differences, candidly recognised, candidly analysed, is of itself the surest sign of genuine Imperial advance. The City had its own views of Canadian-American reciprocity,

for instance, when that great topic was the centre of discussion. It did not hesitate to give them shape and currency. But, with some inconspicuous exceptions, it did hesitate to intrude suggestions of Canadian disloyalty, selfishness, and obstinacy. It frankly admitted that, arguing from the same data, Canada and her British admirers might honestly arrive at different conclusions. If impertinent suggestions to the contrary had been seriously made, Canada might have met them with the same dignified reply which she employed, in other circumstances, long years ago:—

We look that 'neath these distant skies
Another England shall arise—
A noble scion of the old—
Still to herself and lineage true
And prizing honour more than gold,
This is our hope, and as for you,
Be just as you are generous, Mother,
And let not those who rashly speak
Things that they know not, render weak
The ties that bind us to each other.

There is the greater need for faithful adherence to these generous principles of mutual respect and self-restraint because our national curse of Party polities tends to transform even the highest Imperial problems into the shuttlecocks of professional

politicians. The Empire has a right to the fruits of the deliberate individual judgment of its citizens upon every question which from time to time arises. Their duty is not discharged by a visit to a Party Whip, with a request that he will tell them what they are to think about it. Because it stands in direct antagonism to the law of variegation, second-hand political judgment is about the most reactionary force that threatens the hardwon liberties of humanity.

If we had sooner recognised this inexorable principle of diversity, in its political application, the North American portion of the Mosaic of Empire might have stretched from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, instead of ending at the great lakes. But if our forefathers blundered in ignorance, there is the less excuse for us to close our eyes to later history, and to forsake the path which experience and scientific suggestion have marked out for us. Sobriety and responsibility of judgment, combined with the utmost generosity and restraint in the contemplation of colonial opinion, should be the outcome of our recognition of the law of diversity, which is working out, under inscrutable guidance, the destiny of the greatest of the world-Empires. This is not

only a question of expediency, but of politically scientific necessity. That which is physically right can never be morally wrong. That which is biologically sane can never be politically foolish. At the point where the empires of physical and political science converge upon one another, we must recognise and bow to the sway of both, lest haply we be found to fight against the Power that hangs the suns in space. Fortunately for us, every year sees the Imperial Intelligence rising to greater heights of capacity, farther and farther removed from the influences of ignorance and prejudice. Every advance in that noble progress must of necessity give us eyes better able to appreciate and enjoy the exquisite distinction of the Imperial Mosaic, as a pattern whereof every individual part, and every single variant type, is effective and irreplaceable, though all are subordinate to the display of one central, unique, and majestic design.

IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY.

Know thyself.—Solon.

What your fathers were, you are, In lands the fathers never knew, 'Neath skies of alien sign and star

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Your hearts are English, kind and true.

Andrew Lang.

The history of every country has been influenced by its geography. No doubt the history of each country has also been largely influenced by the disposition of the people who have settled on it, by what is called the national character. But then the geographical position itself has often had something directly to do with forming the national character.—Freeman, "Historical Geography."

Go, stranger! track the deep—
Free, free, the white sail spread,
Waves may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

Mrs. Hemans.

IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY.

r EGEND has the story of a candidate at , a university examination who found himself confronted, among his Greek "unseens," by Pilate's famous declaration: "Ο γέγραφα, γέγραφα"—what I have written, I have written. By way of the required "translation and comment" the candidate stated that the words meant "O Geography! Geography!" and that they were part of an apostrophe addressed by an eminent Greek philosopher to the science of the earth's surface. One might wish that the fiction were translated into fact, in the shape of a potent personality supervising and stimulating the growth of Imperial geographical inquiry, and disseminating information to meet the resulting need. If there were the least chance of securing the attention of so competent a listener, we would ourselves imitate the imaginary philosopher until we wearied geographical science with our iterated importunity. The especial subject of our prayer should be the growth of a wider and better knowledge of Imperial geography, as a vital factor in the education of every citizen of the Empire. To educate is, literally, to "draw out." Nothing will more thoroughly "draw out" the innate Imperialism of the Briton than a sound geographical knowledge of the vast domain over which his race exercises a beneficent sway.

The ordinary Englishman may be pardoned for not knowing the latitude of Ottawa, so as to be able to name it at call. But he cannot be forgiven for supposing that Winnipeg is a seaport, or for announcing, with appropriate hesitation, that Brisbane is "somewhere in South Africa." These things are not indications that the schoolmaster is abroad. They rather tend to prove his inefficient presence at home. They do not suggest the mere absence of the decorative part of education-those elements of a mental outfit which we are accustomed to term the "accomplishments." A knowledge of Imperial geography is not an "accomplishment." It is an essential, not only for an inhabitant of these islands, but for all the vast multitude who are British in the larger sense, though thousands of them have never been outside the frontiers

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of their Canadian, Australasian, or African homes. It is so essential that one might almost say that Imperial citizenship is imperfect without it. "What can they know of England, who only England know?"

So far, however, this aspiration for a better Imperial education has been rather among the idealistic factors of Imperialism. We did not know, and we were the worse for our ignorance. But-so ran the argument—the Empire was not penalised by our intellectual apathy. This is a mistaken view. Its unsoundness can be demonstrated by an excursion which will carry us no further than the field of financial activity where Empire loans are grown and nourished. Offered a public issue by Melbourne, Montreal, or Cape Town, the public will come in if the Money Market conditions are auspicious, the interest good, and the concomitant arrangements satisfactory. It is familiar with the names of borrowing authorities. But let the issue bear the name of one of the younger of the Imperial provinces—Saskatchewan, for instance—and the result may be different. The public is startled by the aspect of the name, as of something weird, distant, mysterious. In its comparative ignorance of Imperial

geography it finds itself in the presence of the impalpable and the intangible. It fails to appreciate the excellence of the security because it is linked with one of those "names of soft sound and poetic meaning which, in the days of their glory, the Red Indians gave to ridge, lake, and river over the wild wilderness of their vast domains." The result is that it sometimes receives the issue with apathy; if not with an entire lack of any consideration whatever.

This is the very negation of the Imperial spirit. The Empire is not only people, and land, and enterprise. It has its myriad memories, its inalienable traditions, making up those omnipotent forces of romance and racial ideal that have carried nations through crises that must otherwise have crushed them utterly. In their perpetuation of these traditions in the place-names the Colonials have displayed the soundest instinct. Their preservation ought to be a matter for congratulation, not the occasion of a financial penalty. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was quite right when he remonstrated with the citizens of Medicine Hat, on being informed that the city contemplated changing its title. He adjured them not to part with the birthright of a name that is unique. He thought

Medicine Hat could well afford to bear such a name when the United States boasts such places as Schenectady, Tonawanda, Schoharie, Cohoes, and Poughkeepsie. The United States need not be ashamed of them The conditions of modern civilisation are in some aspects sordid enough. We certainly do not want to deepen their sordidness by fixing a penalty upon a practice which casts a poetic glamour over the vast colonial domain by perpetuating the memories of the past in the names which are to mark the rallying-points of the future generations. If we are to avoid that folly we must "freshen up" our knowledge of Imperial geography, so that when we next hear of a Saskatchewan loan we shall not stultify ourselves by inquiring if the interest is guaranteed by the Russian Government.

There is an Imperial, as truly as there is an individual, self-knowledge. Properly trained and fostered it will cement immovably in their places the living stones of the Imperial fabric. Much has already been done, by lectures and by literature, to broaden and deepen the knowledge of Imperial geography. Visits of farmers and traders to the various colonies offer another means to the same end; and speeches by

leaders of Colonial thought and action, given to British audiences on this side, afford yet another. In a very real sense the Empire Section of The Financial News is one of the most active instruments of the propaganda. But the aggregate of the work is immense, its significance vital, its influence perennial; for, although we, who think and toil to-day, are deriving a huge benefit as life-tenants of the splendid inheritance, we have the obligation of handing it on to the Imperialists of the future—

O strength divine of Roman days,
O spirit of the age of faith,
Go with our sons on all their ways
When we long since are dust and wraith.

Shall we offer our sons an inheritance of which they know little or nothing, or shall we see to it that their Imperial patriotism, being based upon an even more profound appreciation than our own, is to that extent more vigorous and more prescient? The answer is with us, and its harvest is with them.

THE IMPERIAL MARKET HOUSE.

Industrious merchants meet, and market there The world's collected wealth.

Southey, "Thalaba."

There are men of high character in station in its body [i.e., of the Stock Exchange].....the greatness of its dealings is unequalled; it is consulted by Chancellors, and taken into the counsels of Ministers; peace or war hangs upon its fiat.—City Men and City Manners.

The City, like the globe, may be said to have three separate movements, of which the least important has the greatest degree of prominence. The globe has its diurnal motion upon its own axis, producing the phenomena of day and night, and forcing their succession incessantly upon our attention. Less prominent is the annual motion round the sun, which is responsible for the ordered sequence of the seasons. Less prominent still, and to the great majority of mankind unknown, is the movement of our sun and all his attendant system towards a point in the constellation Hercules. These three movements, daily, annual, and cyclical, have their counterpart in the phenomena of finance. There is the daily fluctuation of prices, persistently forced upon our notice by the tick of the "tape" and the City article upon our breakfast table; there is the annual recurrence of similar market conditions -the spring abundance of credit, the August lassitude, the "autumnal drain," regularly brought within the scope of our contemplation as the seasons roll on their eternal path; and there is, finally, and most significant of all, that gigantic secular movement which carries us out of a household economy into imperial consciousness and unity. Mechanism of the City,

THE IMPERIAL MARKET HOUSE.

ONTINUITY in all its elements, as a result of their natural evolution, is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the Empire. Yet it is probably the very characteristic which is most frequently overlooked. Perhaps the reason lies in our national ignorance of the facts of our own history. That, at all events, is the explanation which Professor Pollard would give. And there is this excuse for it—that to comprehend the Empire as an evolution, rather than as a creation, requires a deeper scientific insight, and a wider knowledge, than the hurly-burly of modern life will allow the average man to acquire. But whatever the explanation of its presence, there the lack of appreciation stands, and we are the losers for it. Ask the average member of the Stock Exchange when it was established, and he will tell you that its earliest traces go back no further than the reign of Charles II. He will be greatly astonished to be assured

that it was a flourishing institution in the fifteenth century, and that for the last thousand years it has played a powerful part in the shaping of the British people for their magnificent destiny. This evolution of the Imperial Market House is worth a somewhat closer study than it has hitherto received.

In the mediæval days, when population was sparse and communication sluggish, the market was the great centre of opinion and gossip. At our markets and fairs, for centuries, we British people learnt the methods of trade, saw the products of foreign nations, and drew in our first pleasant whiff of Imperialism. We were a tiny agricultural community. We had not the means to do much more than talk. But so much our destiny, knocking at the door, drove us to do. We recognised, too, that within the modest field open to our ambition, our market-gossip might shape itself into conscious policy. The Western city [Bristol] which nowadays borrows at 3½ per cent. had its "grete hedde Officer, the Maire of Bristowe." Upon him and his brother authorities there lay the "grete substaunce of poletyk provision, wise and discrete guydinge and surveyeng of all

officers and others dependinge," as in the busy municipalities of to-day. At London and Norwich, at Gloucester and York, there was the same vigorous local business government. The difference is that while the ancient communities were mainly concerned with the markets and with their regulation and maintenance, their modern successors have a thousand interests beside. But the mediæval market was not less truly a Stock Exchange because its members dealt in the commodities themselves, rather than in the documents of title to them.

By the fifteenth century we had become seasoned experimentalists at this native Imperialism. We had developed the instinct and the teaching of the market and the harbour until a political and commercial fabric of fair proportions was beginning to arise. As Mrs. J. R. Green says, "Englishmen who now stand in the forefront of the world for their conception of freedom and their political capacity, and whose contribution to the art of government has been possibly the most significant fact of these last centuries, may well look back from that great place to the burghers who won for them their birthright, and watch with a quickened interest the little stage of the

mediæval boroughs where their forefathers once played their part . . . with a living energy which has not yet spent its force after traversing a score of generations." In the sixteenth century this town-government gave place to State-government. In the seventeenth the rise of the Hudson's Bay and East India Companies, with the Bank of England, marked the coming of the harvest. We woke up to the fact that markets might deal in titles to commodities as well as in the commodities themselves. We became aware that present sacrifice and enterprise might give the right to future increment. We began to finance an Empire. The mediæval market was transformed into the eighteenth century coffee-house throng of gossips. One further stage of arousal and development gave us the Stock Exchange in its present form. But the Stock Exchange, as such, is only the final shape of the evolutionised product. The original form was the town market, far away in the mists of antiquity.

There is no mistake as to the soundness of this reasoning. German scholars of the highest rank are even more emphatic about it than we have ventured to be. Richard Schroder declares that all towns originally were markets, and that the civic organisation developed out of the rights and regulations of the market. Sohm goes further when he holds that "the constitution of the town as such was a market constitution." The parallel might easily be carried into detail. For instance, the limitation of the right of dealing in the market, the rules as to the modus operandi, and the ringing of a bell for the commencement of business, were all among the features of the mediæval market, and all, in one form or another, survive in its lineal descendants, the modern Stock Exchanges. But what is more important for our present purpose is the fact that the Stock Exchange, as the Imperial Market House, holds—nay, strengthens—its high position as the rallying-point of Imperial development, the focus of Imperial senti-Our great Imperial communities strive to exhibit the enterprise and the responsibility which shall commend them to the good opinion of the vast interests which the Imperial Market House represents. Whether it be a great Canadian Railway, or a modest New Zealand Municipality, they all turn to the Market House for their supplies of the driving-power which is to bear them forward to prouder conquests. To be

in the good opinion of the Imperial Market House is to possess the power of practically unlimited drafts upon a boundless store of credit. To be in its bad books is to have shut in one's face the greatest and most effectual door to human prosperity.

So, from the gossiping little assembly at the Carfaxes—the cross-roads—or the church corner, there has been evolved the gigantic Imperial influence whose "Official List" stands for untold millions and illimitable power. If the last few centuries have carried us so far on the Imperial ocean, whither will the breezes of succeeding centuries bear the great ship of Empire? We, like our ancestors, must have our eyes open to the potentialities and the romance of it:—

The Merchants of Old England, the Seigneurs of the Seas,

In the days of Great Elizabeth, when they sought the Western Main,

Maugre and spite the Cæsar's might, and the menaces of Spain,

And the richly freighted argosy, and the good galleon went forth,

With the bales of Leeds or Lincoln, and the broadcloths of the North.

And many a veteran mariner would speak 'midst glistening eyes,

Of the gain of some past voyage, and the hazards of emprize;

Or in the long night-watches the wondrous tale was told

Of isles of fruit and spices, and fields of waving gold.

And the young and buoyant-hearted would oft that tale renew,

And dream their dearest dream should be, their wildest hope come true.

So with brave hearts and dauntless, they sailed for the Unknown;

For each he sought his inmost thought, and a secret of his own.

The distance which divides us from "isles of fruit and spices" has long since been almost annihilated by the force which is centralised in the Imperial Market House. The "fields of waving gold" have leaped into actuality on the vast plains of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The unknown still confronts us, as it did our Elizabethan forefathers. But we may face it with serener courage, and a more profound assurance, if we remember from what humble beginnings our great fate has come, and if we hold fast our Imperial heritage of courage and persistence, which is nowhere better typified, or more constantly displayed, than in the Imperial Market House in Throgmorton Street.

THE LAST OF THE EMPIRE-BUILDERS.

(CECIL RHODES)

better far than flowers that blow and perish,
Some sunny week, are roots deep laid in mould
Of quickening thoughts, which long blue summers cherish,
Long after he who planted them is cold.

W. Alexander.

Dreamer devout, by vision led,
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

Rudyard Kipling.

I hear them saying, those captains of the Past,
All of old England's hero-pedigree,
From him who drove the Spaniard from the sea
To him who nailed his colours to the mast—
"Pray God ye be not burying there the last
Of England's sons who keep her strong and free!"
Theodore Watts-Dunton.

THE LAST OF THE EMPIRE-BUILDERS.

THE Chartered Company signalised the Coronation year—Annus Imperialis, as we have ventured to call it-by the issue of a report exhibiting a credit balance The majority of the shareholders who assembled at the subsequent annual meeting must have seen and heard the founder of the Chartered Company at earlier gatherings. Did it occur to any of them that they had been permitted to see and hear the man who may be named the "last of the Empire-Builders"? If it did, they might well congratulate themselves upon their privilege. We, who covet the good fortune of those who saw Wolsey and Burleigh, Drake and Raleigh, Frobisher and Blake, Cook and Nelson, Wolfe and Wellington, may well reflect that future Englishmen will envy the contemporaries of Cecil Rhodes. Their retrospect will not be made without some question whether his fellow Englishmen fully understood Rhodes's greatness; or whether, like the earlier Empire-Builders, it

was his fate to be maligned and misrepresented while he lived, and only appreciated when (mortally speaking) he was cold to the appreciation.

" Just think for a moment," Rhodes used to say, "what it is to have been born an Englishman in England. Think how many millions of men there are in this world to-day who have been born Chinese, or Hindus, or Kaffirs." In plainer English, think how many men know nothing of the Imperial Ideal, since it is never destined to intersect the orbit of their consciousness. And what was the Imperial Ideal to the great pioneer whose monument is British South Africa? It was the union, the development, and the extension of the English-speaking race. It was the closer cohesion of the Imperial units: their advance to bolder experiments in legislative and social endeavour: their widened authority over such racial elements as, left to themselves, would soon be precipitated upon the slopes of degeneration. The transformation of such a scheme from the ideal to the real was bound to produce heartburnings, jealousies, misrepresentation, and opposition. But now that Time has softened the animosities, and brought the wider vision, we can see how sound was the instinct that

inspired the prescient policy, and how intrepid the spirit which could embark upon the labour of its realisation.

Doubtless the most potent (and the least understood) factor of Rhodes's intellectual endowment was the fine Imperial Imagination. All the great Empire-Builders have Without it they had not been had it. Empire-Builders at all. There was a time when the ordinary man smiled at the romantic and idealistic side of the Imperial propaganda. He did not suppose that this was the inspiration which, all unsuspected perhaps, had sustained his forefathers through a thousand years of struggle, and would carry their sons triumphantly through a thousand more. That narrow limitation of vision is fast passing from among us. We are perceiving the immensity of the field and the task. But when we have surveyed that which we suppose to be the whole Imperial domain, the dauntless spirit of Cecil Rhodes would lead us to a wider view. "The world," said he, "is nearly all parcelled out, and what there is left of it is being divided up, conquered, and colonised. To think of those stars that you see overhead at night, those vast worlds which we can never reach! I would annex the planets if

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I could; I often think of that. It makes me sad to see them so clear and yet so far." In the light of a passionate Imperialism which was intolerant of all terrestrial limitations, the comparatively early death of the great pioneer may seem to posterity a victory rather than a tragedy—

'Twas like his rapid soul; 'Twas meet
That he, who brooked not Time's slow feet
With passage thus abrupt and fleet
Should hurry hence,
Eager the Great Perhaps to greet
With Why? and Whence?

Very striking is the fact that in Rhodes's last hours he alluded to his frequent returns to this world to see how his ideas were prospering. More striking still is the belief, based upon evidence well known to patient investigators in the mysterious field of psychic research, that the promise has not gone unfulfilled.

"Last of the Empire-Builders" we say—yet, perhaps not the last, after all. At every stage in the evolution of the Empire, the Hour has produced the Man. We must repudiate all the lessons of experience if we allow ourselves to think that the Imperial Dynasty has ended just at the moment when every citizen of Empire is awake to

its own magnificence and his own responsibility. But, whenever it shall please Providence to add a new name to the illustrious roll, we may postulate that it shall stand for the combination of the practical and the romantic, as all the former names have done. The practical without the romantic will never attain to the Imperial Imagination, or thrill the deeper depths of public sentiment. The romantic without the practical will dream away the days of golden opportunity. Unite the two characteristics, as in Cecil Rhodes, and the Next of the Empire-Builders will advance into the Imperial arena. Whether he shall be a son of the Island Mother, or spring from the younger lineage of the daughter Empires, his creed will be the same-

God-summoned to the ripening cause I stand Upon the van of Empire, hand to task, To work the purpose of the centuries.

THE IMPERIAL MECCA.

(LONDON)

O, gray, O, gloomy skies! What then? Here is a marvellous world of men; More wonderful than Rome was, when The world was Rome!

See the great stream of life flow by!
Here thronging myriads laugh and sigh,
Here rise and fall, here live and die;
In this yast home.

Lionel Fohnson

They do not err who say that the spiritual life of man leaves its influence in the physical objects by which he is surrounded. Night walks in London will teach you that, if they teach you nothing else. W. Winter, "Shakespeare's England."

When I lie hid from the light, Stark, with the turf overhead, Still, on a rainy spring night, I shall come back from the dead.

Turn then and look for me here, Stealing the shadows along; Look for me -I shall be near, Deep in the heart of the throng.

Here, where the current runs rife, Careless, and doleful, and gay, Moving and motley and strong, Good in its sport and its strife

Aye, might I be, might I stay, Only for ever and aye, Living and looking on life.

Rosamond Marriott Watson

THE IMPERIAL MECCA.

T NNUMBERED peaceful prows are turned, in this Annus Imperialis, towards the romantic island which has been in turn the bourne of the Roman conqueror, the Viking rover, and the Norman bandit. There is scarcely a sea whose waves have not rippled, through the spring-time, under the keels of ships laden with the living factors of the great Imperial pageant. Of the thousands of Coronation visitors, many have travelled to a "home" that they have never seen, and to an "Old Country" which, in their eyes at least, will be entirely new. Apart from the great racial function that is the occasion of their coming, England has much to offer these visitors from the daughter Empires. From the majestic beauty of a thousand storied sites, down to the abiding villages where their forefathers lived eventless, patient lives, the whole country is redolent of the past, fragrant with the memories of the brave hearts of old. But, whithersoever the footsteps of the visitors may tend for a

time, we may be sure that the ample bosom of the ancient Mother City will ultimately enfold them all. London is the Mecca of the race. Towards it all faces in the Empire turn, drawn thither by a fascination which they can neither define nor defy.

"Dear, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!" So said Pope in 1715, addressing London which was the merest village in comparison with its namesake of to-day. The spell of the Mother City was upon him even at the moment when he paradoxically denounced the charm that held him. Thus is it with us all. He who doubts that London is distracting, should live and work in the City through a rubber boom. But no sooner will he flee the fumum et opes strepitumque Roma than the sovereign spell of her affection will recall him. The summons will come in all the more peremptory fashion if he be far off upon an outland soil. What is the source of this abiding attraction? What is the real influence at work in this omnipresent magnetism of London, this ceaseless

dream of the old crowds, the smoke, the din,
Of our dear Mother, dearer far than fair;
The home of lofty souls and busy brains,
Keener for that thick air?

What, again, is it that turns our kinsmen's faces Londonwards from every quarter of the scattered Empire? The answer is that the Metropolis is a kind of microcosm of Greater Britain, where every stage of its growth may be traced, as truly as the history of the earth may be read in the rocks. London is the Magnetic Pole of the Empire. Mr. William Archer has offered a year of his life for an hour in Shakespeare's tiring room in the year 1600. The visitor to Coronation London need not be so lavish. He has but to name the century in which he would fain find himself, and within half an hour London will place him there. To whatever stage of Imperial evolution his wistful fancy turns, his eye need not go unsatisfied. London is the eternal panorama of Britain in the making.

Doubtless the position of London, at a point which is roughly central to the land surface of the globe, and on an island, has been a powerful factor among those which have shaped its destiny. But there can have been no knowledge of this striking geographical centralisation on the part of the original founders of the City. They simply collected on the mud flats and the low river-side hills around the original

Roman camp, which occupied what is now the site of Cannon Street Station. It was many centuries before London attained preeminent place. Winchester was the capital of Saxon England. But by the time of the Conquest London was strong enough to make its good will worth conciliating. Even when the rest of the land lay helpless at his feet, the Conqueror found it desirable to offer special concessions to William the Bishop and Gosfrith the port-reeve of the city by the Thames. Colonial visitors who desire to look upon the scene at the grant of these concessions need go no further than the ambulatory of the Royal Exchange for that purpose. It is pictured in one of the finest of the paintings in that striking historical array. From the grant of this charter, down to the present hour, London has steadily advanced in dignity, wealth, and influence.

Its progress has been mainly based upon its unflinching adherence to two great principles—the right to trade and the right to think. The right to think, and to reap the harvest of the thinking, is liberty. The right to trade, and to enjoy the peaceful fruit thereof, is prosperity. Liberty and Prosperity—remove these twin pillars of

Empire, and how long would the great structure stand? There is no single limb of the Imperial personality, from the great Dominions down to the humblest of the Crown Colonies, which is not dependent for its prosperous existence upon successful commerce. There is no minutest and obscurest process of constitutional and self-governing evolution which is not vitalised by the plenary inspiration of the right to think, and to translate the thinking into word and deed. It is fitting that the age-long exponent of these super-excellent standards should still display them, flaming in the van of civilisation. It is nothing less than her due that the ancient city, with her political prescience and her teeming trade—the city whose streets have been trodden in turn by the feet of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, should at last become the Mecca of the race in which all these generations of humanity are blended. If the grave of the Eastern prophet can attract the daily devotion of millions, shall less conspicuous honour be accorded to the nursing Mother of prosperous Empire, clad in the antique glory of two thousand years?

The imperious spell of London does not originate merely in memory and association.

It is incredible, in the light of modern scientific investigation, that this central hive of perennial energy should fail to become imbued, in some subtle but perfectly appreciable way, with the prolific spirit of its citizens. Over this comparatively small civic area the living thought of more than fifty generations has been projected to and fro. Since thought is much more real than matter, the resulting perpetuation of a vitalising intellectual force is only what we should naturally expect to find. When Shakespeare spoke of London as the "quick forge and working house of thought" he was not only coining a poetic phrase, but' foreshadowing a scientific fact. It is none the less a fact because of its tardy recognition. We feel more "fit" in London because we draw, in some imperfectlycomprehended fashion, upon this everaccumulating store of radiant intellectual energy. To assert so much may seem but the daring speculation of an enthusiast. But to the children's children of the Coronation throng it will be but the merest textbook wisdom, the accepted creed of later twentieth century science. We shall be none the worse for having it provisionally enunciated now, when an Empire's people

turn their eager path towards the Imperial Mecca, and the ancient Valhalla on Thorney Isle is about to become the centre of an Empire's reverent gaze. Is it too much to hope that the visitors will carry with them, to their distant homes, some store of new political, social, and industrial energy, drawn from the invigorating atmosphere of the Mother City?

THE IMPERIAL PERSPECTIVE.

Teach us your mood, O patient stars,
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.

Emerson.

A race which could transmute matter would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. If we can judge from what our engineers accomplish with their comparatively restricted supplies of energy, such a race could transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen poles, and make the whole world one smiling garden of Eden. Possibly they could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favourable worlds.—The Interpretation of Radium.

Beyond us still is mystery: but it is mystery lit and mellowed with an infinite hope. We ride . . . at the haven's mouth; but sometimes through rifted clouds we see the desires and needs of many generations floating and melting upwards into a distant glow.

F. W. H. Myers.

THE IMPERIAL PERSPECTIVE.

THERE is no finality in Empire, save the finality of disruption and extinc-"Progress or disintegration" tion. stands as the inexorable alternative. choice of one or other must be made. Yet if we choose the former, we do but seek to seize the impalpable. Only vaguely can we define what we mean by Imperial progress. Even the superficial observer is forced to suppose that developments of totally unforeseen brilliance will flush one Imperial dawn after another. Electricity and steam are but interim contributions to the means of Imperial advance. They have rendered possible the closer cohesion of the Imperial units. In truth, they threaten to bring time and distance to the verge of annihilation. Neither Socratic insight among the ancients nor Elizabethan prescience in our own land foresaw the piston and the dynamo. We may be quite sure that forces as mighty as

these, some of them totally unimagined even by the acutest intellects of our age, lie hidden behind the veil of the years. They await the discovery which shall transform them into the obedient servitors of humanity. For instance, before the end of this century the moon, operating through the rise and fall of the tides, will probably be doing all the physical work of the world. Gravitation will be harnessed to the chariot of humanity, and the privilege of riding therein will be practically free to all. Radium as a new force in human progress offers possibilities so vast as to beggar any attempt at characterisation.

These pregnant anticipations may, with equal confidence, be predicated, mutatis mutandis, with regard to the political future of the Empire. We have travelled from personal Monarchy to Cabinet Government. We have attained an aspiration after representative institutions, and, in a limited sense, we already possess them. We even contemplate self-government as among the civic blessings of the century which is opening before us. But none of these stand for finality. As fast as we attain one Imperial summit, another, and a higher, tempts—nay, commands—us to the renewal of effort.

However extensive our political knowledge and experience may come to be, it cannot reach finality. "Positive knowledge," says Herbert Spencer, "does not, and never can, fill the whole region of possible thought. At the uttermost reach of discovery there arises, and must ever arise, the question: What lies beyond?" We are as far from an answer as was the eager intellect of John Ball, when he preached the new social gospel to the Kentishmen, five hundred years ago, and furnished us with the only instance, in our own island story, of an almost spontaneous popular upheaval. But whatever the precise form of the Imperial "forward movement," there is wanting no confidence in its advent, or in its glowing promise of great things to come.

Probably this long and brilliant vista is, in some degree at least, the source of that Imperial optimism which is so striking a characteristic of contemporary thought. The unchallengeable record of achievement lies far behind. Vestigia nulla retrorsum. We shall never go back upon that historic pathway. But we may contemplate it with satisfaction, even as the ocean passenger sees the lengthening wake of foam behind him. Light after Light beams out upon the

far horizon as the great ship of Empire speeds along—

The Imperial firmament, in spaces splendid, Lighteth her beacon-fires ablaze for thee.

For indeed all around us, in Canada, Australasia, Africa, and India, are the evidences of present and ever-augmenting capacity for Imperial consolidation and advance. Combined with these materials for the Imperial structure is the far more profound knowledge of political architecture which we, in comparison with our ancestors, possess. We build as slowly and as thoughtfully as the monk-architects of mediæval England; and, like those dreamers in stone, we build for eternity. If every addition to the responsibilities of Empire brings with it a coincident augmentation of political wariness and circumspection, Imperial optimism will be more than justified of her children. So long as the essential and peremptory principles of Imperialism are kept steadfastly in mind, nothing but a cosmic cataclysm can check the great advance.

"The essential and peremptory principles of Imperialism"—what are these? They are the principles which it has been the aim of these essays to enunciate, as it will be that of their successors to expound and

evolve. First and foremost, the great principle of Imperial Personality stands supreme among the foundations of Empire. The Empire is a great psychological entity, thrilling in every nerve to the same chords of loyalty and patriotism. But Personality, Imperial or human, is incomplete without self-knowledge. The Empire must seek to know more of itself. It is for this reason that we have laid stress upon "Imperial Geography." The while we annihilate time and space, let us destroy ignorance also. Only in that way can we deepen the racial pride. Only in that way can we set free the aspiring pinions of racial aspiration, develop and fortify the consciousness of Imperial Nationhood, and watch the strong Imperial idealism soar into the vast that lies around us and before. Yet still, as the noble Imperial aggregate grows in power and insight, must we remember that in Unity, but not in Uniformity, is to be found the strength of Empire. Let the racial types evolve freely, over all the wide domain. Let each factor of the design add to the lustre of the rest; but let all blend in the one majestic central pattern, the Mosaic of Empire.

Ages of experience will be falsified if this

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vast programme can be worked out upon the strength of material sustenance alone. In truth, we are debarred from the endeavour at so hopeless and barren an enterprise. We can no more shut out the influence of the great spiritual and literary achievements of our fathers than we can check the world upon its pathless march through space. The English Bible, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Bunyan, Addison, and Tennyson must be with us to the Imperial end, whenever and howsoever it may come. That is the reason why we have pointed to the influence of the Bible upon the Empire. That was the consideration which inspired the essays on the "First Imperialist" (Shakespeare) and the "Last of the Empire Builders" (Rhodes). The truth is that the practical and the ideal, the real and the romantic, the material and the spiritual, must be nourished side by side. Forget the ideal and the romantic, and we shall relapse into the unrelenting hardness which clouds our early-fifteenthcentury history. Disregard the real and the practical, and the twentieth century may repeat the story of the Goth and the Vandal. We need never lack material well-being as long as we remember Imperial defence, and all the priceless heritage that depends upon

its adequacy. The rough island story is indelibly written upon the Empire's heart, an inspiration of courage, patience, and devotion for all time. Heartened with that environment, cheered with these inspirations, One in heart, in hope, in language, and in allegiance, the great Imperial Personality lays the strong hand of conscious power upon her lustrous destiny and goes forth conquering and to conquer. And she shall conquer, not for herself alone, but for civilisation; not for the Empire alone, but for the world; and on what still more ample fields, let Time at last declare.

Spare then your flattery, speed them with your prayers,
And here in London, when the joy-bells ring,
While the crowds gather, and the trumpet blares,
Cry we "God strengthen," as "God save the King!"

AN EMPIRE WATCHWORD, 1911.

The fine anonymous poem which is printed below, exactly as its unknown author wrote it, dates from 1660. The applicability of these seventeenth century sentiments to present-day Imperial politics is most remarkable. The poem, it will be noticed, offers one of the earliest instances of the employment of the metre which Tennyson used with such felicitous effect in the "In Memoriam."

Great God of Nations, and their Right,
By whose high Auspice Britain stands
So long, though first 'twas built on sands,
And oft had sunk but for Thy might.

In her own Mainland storms and seas:

Be present to her now as then,

And let not proud and factious men
Oppose Thy will with what they please.

Our free full Senate's to be made;
O put it to the public voice,
To make a legal, worthy choice,
Excluding such as would invade

The Commonwealth. Let whom we name Have wisdom, Foresight, Fortitude, Be more with Faith than Face Endu'd; And sturdy Conscience above Fame.

Such as not seek to get the start
In State, by Faction, Power or Bribes,
Ambition's Bawds. But move the Tribes
By Virtue, Modesty, Desert.

Such as to Justice will adhere
Whatever great one it offend:
And from the embraced Truth not bend
For Envy, Hatred, Gifts or Fear.

That by their deeds will make it known
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count it Great Britain's, not their own.

Such the old Bruti, Decii were,
The Cippi, Curtii, who did give
Themselves for Rome, and would not live
As men good only for a year,

Such were the great Camilli too,
The Fabii, Scipios, that still thought
No work at price enough was bought
That for their country they could do

And to her honour so did knit,
As all their Acts were understood
The sinews of the Public Good,
And they themselves one soul with it.

These men were truly Magistrates;

These neither practised Force, nor Forms,
Nor did they leave the helm in storms
And such as they make happy States.

Recent Studies in Economic and Political Science.

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THE

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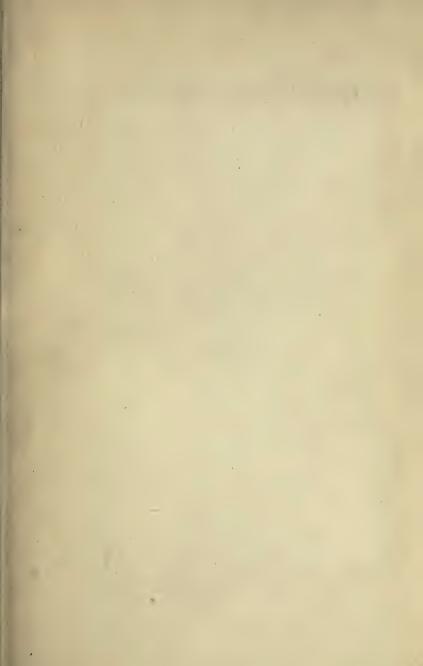
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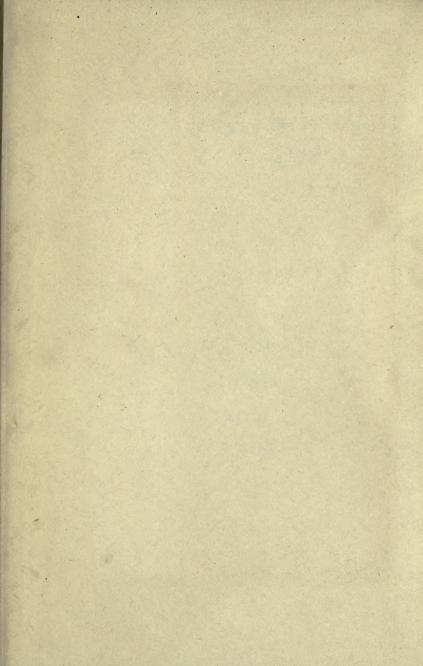
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